THE TRIFLER;

OR,

PRETTY PLAYTHING.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES

sly fox	A new cup
A live mouse	A bird's nest
A large rat	A sweet pear
A wild bear	A large brook

A sleak cat	A black rat
A fine prince	A white frock
A new muff	Some ripe fruit
A neat cap	A wild colt

A green birch	A fine peach
A sky lark	A wood lark
A tall pine	A fine soil
A great coat	A rich mould

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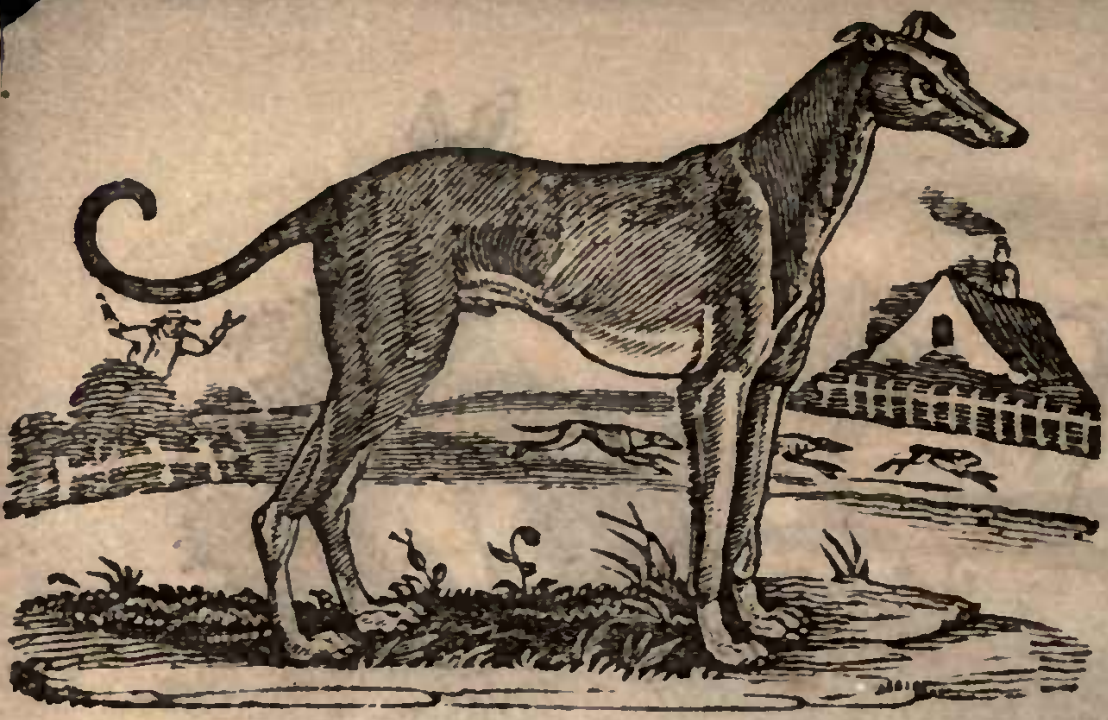


A fine peacock	A sweet nut
A round house	A new gown
A black cat	A large shawl
A large rat	A fine scarf

A black bird	A green broom
A song thrush	A moss rose
Some new hops	Some fine flax
Some wild oats	Some strong cord

Some sweet herbs	A goose quill
Some dry leaves	Some fine wheat
A long pen	A white mouse
Some good ink	A black horse

THE

TRIFLER;

OR,

PRETTY PLAYTHING.

The Boar produces
Noble Brawn,

The Dog pursues
the Deer and Fawn.

The naughty Boy
that steals the Pears,

Is whipt as well as
he that Swears.

The blushing Flowers bloom and spring,

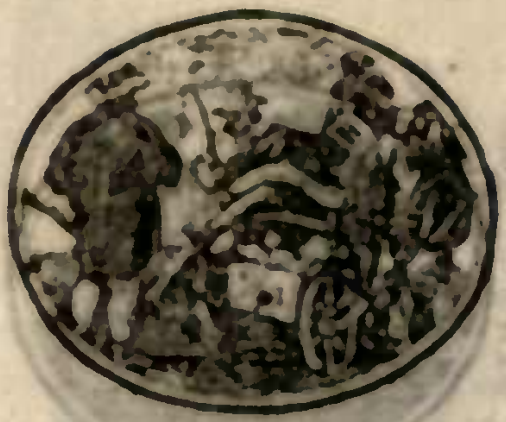
The Birds do in the Bushes sing.

The Sportsman points towards the Mark.

The Shoe doth fit the pretty Spark.

The pretty Maids have modest looks,

Good Boys and Girls will learn their Books.



Hob and Harry go to plow.

And Betty milks the cherry Cow,

The busy Ant lays in her Store,

And is not like the Beggar poor.

The Fish do in the River play,

The Fox conveys the Goose away.

The pretty Lambs
do skip and play,

While Peg & Betty
make the Hay.

The Rose affords a
fragrant smell.

The Sexton tolls the
Evening Bell.

THE

LONDON TAYLOR.

A London taylor (as 'tis said),
By buckram, canvas, tape, and thread,
Sleeve linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
And all the long expensive list,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garment found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had never done,
Left thirty thousand to his son!
The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolved to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In vis-a-vis, and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taste admire
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his gay silver-hilted sword;
Tho' short and small 'twas very neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat,
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
And when the sword in hand he took,
He swore, by gad, it was an odd thing,

And look'd much like a taylor's bodkin
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause for grief,
For, dining on some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some cabbage or a cucumber?
The purse proud coxcomb took the hint
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteel retreat:
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bid his coachman drive to Bath.
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast goose,
And that he might no more be jeer'd
Next day to Exeter he steer'd;
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they'd found him out;
His glass not fill'd, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a thimble full!
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reckoning and went off
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which was then kept by Caleb Snip!
The host by name was often call'd,

At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge he removed,
There too he unsuccesful prov'd;
For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a remnant should be sav'd!
The name of remnant gall'd him so,
That he resolved to York to go;
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up.
Well done, says Jack, a buck of York,
You go thro' stitch, sir, with your work.
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell and call'd his coach
But ere he went, enquiries made,
By what means they knew his trade;
You put the cap on and it fits,
Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
Our words in common acceptation,
Could not but find your occupation;
Twas yourself gave us the clue,
So find out both your trade and you,
Vain coxcomos and fantastic beaux,
In every place themselves expose;
They travel far at vast expence,
To shew their wealth and want of sense,
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool!

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

The plough-boy rises from his cot,
To seek his toil with pleasure;
And never rails against his lot,
While joy is still his treasure.

He whistles as he plods along,
And never thinks of sorrow;
But as he chaunts his rustic song,
He hopes for joy to morrow.

If ever he's oppress'd with woe,
Content affords relief;
He has a friend to whom he'll go,
To speak his inward grief.

Then as they chaunt a merry strain,
They sooth each other's sorrow;
And say they'll never sigh again,
But hope for joy to morrow.

Here is Tommy and Henry playing at horses. I hope they will not hurt one another with the whip. It is a very innocent game if they do not run too fast; but if they are not careful they may fall down and do themselves some mischief; at present they seem to go pretty steady. Children, when at play at this game, should not whip each other too hard, nor run too fast for fear of accidents.